



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 19.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 539.

# HISTORY OF AN EMIGRANT FAMILY.

By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

[CONCLUDED.]

FROM this lethargy of despair, Madame C— was awakened, by Victoire telling her that she had heard that the inn at which they lived was extremely expensive. She immediately sent for her bill, though without much alarm, since her repasts had, she thought, been too simple to be costly. The amount of the bill, however, so far exceeded her expectation, that when it was paid, a few remaining livres and a few trinkets were the sole property possessed. Madame C— looked at her child, and felt that she had no moments to lose; she determined to leave the inn immediately, and Victoire, after some research, hired a small chamber, containing two wretched beds, to which she retired. Here Madame C—, who had her whole life been nursed in the bosom of affluence, scarcely allowing herself the scanty sustenance which nature requires for its preservation, bathed her child with tears of bitterness, till sometimes the infant caught the infectious sorrow, and wept because he saw her weep. Sometimes he inquired why his mama had no dinner; and sometimes asked why, since he was a good boy, she gave him no *bons-bons* now? Victoire cheerfully shared her lady's dry crust, and the only point on which they differed was, that she occasionally gave vent to a sharp reflection on her master, which Madame C— instantly repressed; upon which Victoire usually left the room, and indulged her feelings, as well as her loquacity, by relating the story, in terms little measured, to the whole neighborhood.

Madame C— perceived with anguish, which can be ill defined, that, notwithstanding all the privations maternal tenderness could devise or practise, her little funds were almost entirely exhausted; and she had now recourse to her watch and rings, as the last means of averting want from her child. Victoire was forced to part with these relics of former splendour at a price far below their value: alas! in such sort of conventions there is usually an unequal conflict between rapacity and distress; but at that period the same sad necessity had forced so many unfortunate fugitives to relinquish, like Madame C—, the appendages of departed opulence, that the quantity of jewels, trinkets, and watches, offered for sale in Switzerland, had naturally diminished their worth.

With a trembling hand Madame C— received the produce of her last resources, while she anticipated the moment, when they would altogether fail. The people of the town, where she had alighted, had, before her arrival, dispatched the letter to Monf. C—, which she had sent him from Basil, but she had received no tidings of him in return; it was therefore evident, that he was careless of her fate, that he thought of her no more! Amid the bitterness of those reflections, how eagerly would she have

welcomed that death to which he abandoned her, but that she must leave her child to perish. She had not neglected to inform her friend in France of her circumstances: but her letter which it was death to receive, had to travel by a route so circuitous, and to pass through so many hands before it reached him, that nothing could be more uncertain than its arrival.

With a frame languid from suffering, and a heart desolate with despair, Madame C— was one evening sitting in her wretched shed, lost in gloomy meditation, when Victoire, who had been out in search of their little daily supplies, hastily entered the room, and told her that having been to pay a visit to the people of the inn, where they had lodged, and where she had been talking of her lady's misfortunes, a person who was present said, that if Madame could embroider waistcoats, work cravats, or draw landscapes, she would undertake to sell them to the mistress of the principal inn at Sursee, who made it her business to dispose of such little sort of works, which were executed by some emigrant ladies who lived in that town; and she was sure the same benevolent person would do as much for Madame when she knew her story.

Victoire had proceeded thus far, when Madame C— threw herself on her knees, and poured forth a fervent thanksgiving: she then folded her little boy to her bosom, and instantly dispatched Victoire to make known how thankfully she accepted this blessed offer. Early the next morning the necessary materials were purchased, and Madame C—, with eager alacrity, began her task. While she contemplated the first elegant performance, which advanced rapidly beneath her creating hand, tears of soothing pleasure, tears which it was luxury to shed, gushed from her eyes. To have the power of applying those accomplishments, which she had only cultivated as the amusement of a solitary hour, to the dear, the precious purpose of sustaining her child, filled her mind with the sweetest sensations of maternal tenderness—it was delight, elevated by the noble consciousness of duty—it was an effort of virtue, which, while it shielded the object of her fond solicitude from suffering, was interwoven with an immediate recompense in the soothing effect it produced on her own mind. Since, amid continual occupation, that gloomy despondency, which in stillness and solitude brooded over its own turbulent wretchedness, was softened into milder sorrow, and engrossed by the unceasing care of providing for her child, the image of its father, which used to call forth the wild agonies of disappointed passion, but now awakened a tender melancholy, which resignation tempered. The only moments which Madame C— gave to leisure, and the indulgence of her feelings, were those of twilight, when, after the unremitting labors of the long summer day, she usually left her little boy to the care of Victoire, and walking out alone amid those scenes of solemn grandeur, indulged that mournful musing, when the mind wanders over its vanished pleasures, and tears, which flow without controul, embalm the past!

In one of those solitary walks, seated on the fragment of a rock, near the torrent stream, the hoarse noise of whose melancholy waters were congenial to her meditations, the chain of pensive thought was suddenly broken by the tread of an approaching footstep. She cast up her eyes, and beheld Monf. C—, who, pale, and trembling with emotion, threw himself at her feet, clasped her knee, in unutterable agony, and at length told her in broken accents, that he came, not to solicit her forgiveness, but to die in her presence—that feeling he had but a short time to live, he had ventured to behold her once more, not to attempt any extenuation of his guilt or to declare how much he abhorred himself for the past, but merely to explain the appearance of that barbarous neglect, in which she had been left at Bellinzone.

Monf. C— then, after execrating the delusion, by which he had been so fatally misled, related, that having taken an excursion into Germany, at the period when her letter arrived, he had only received it two months after it was dated. Roused as from an hideous dream, seized with the pangs of remorse at his own conduct, and feeling every sentiment of renewed tenderness awakened in his heart by the image of her sufferings, he instantly declared to Madame— his resolution to hasten to Bellinzone.

No intelligence, he perceived, could be more agreeable to that lady, and not long after he discovered the reason by hearing that she was gone to Vienna with a German count, the owner of a brilliant equipage, with whom she became acquainted during their excursion, and who had followed her to Constance, Monf. C— added, that having himself set out on foot from that city, being determined not to spend on the indulgence of a carriage the few louis he had yet in reserve, the violent emotions of his mind, joined to excessive fatigue of body, by taking journeys too rapid, in order to accelerate his arrival, produced a dangerous fever. At a little village inn, where he lay for several weeks stretched upon a solitary bed of sickness, he had perhaps, he said, in some measure atoned for the past, by the bitterness of his regrets, by that anguish—he was proceeding, when Madame C— threw herself upon his neck, bathed his bosom with her tears, conjured him for ever to forget the past, and declared, that her sufferings had already vanished in the hope of his returned affection.

When Madame C—, with soft persuasion, had somewhat reconciled her husband to himself, and a calm confidential conversation had succeeded, the tumultuous emotions of their first meeting, they bent their way to the little apartment which was now their sole habitation, and which he had not yet entered; since having learned from the people of the house, in Victoire's absence, which path Madame C— had taken for her evening walk, he had instantly hastened to the spot. They had scarcely reached the chamber, when his little boy sprung forward to meet him, clung upon his neck, called him his dear, dear papa, and reiterated his caresses till Monf. C—, overcome with faintness, agitation, and fatigue, sunk



senseless on a chair. Madame C----- wept at observing his emaciated figure, and his pale and haggard look; and Victoire, the pensive, tried to squeeze out a tear too, but not succeeding, all she could do was to wipe her eyes carefully with her handkerchief. Victoire was probably thinking more of the dry crills on which she had dined occasionally, and which sort of repasts she attributed to her master's conduct, than of his sickly countenance. Madame C----- found nothing more difficult than to restrain Victoire's loquacity, who contrived, whenever she had an opportunity in the course of the evening, to relate hardships they had suffered with a spiteful minuteness of detail--how Madame breakfasted upon cold water instead of coffee, and dined sometimes upon lentil soup, and sometimes not at all; and how she gained two lives a day by drawing and embroidery.

The last intelligence was more than Monsieur C----- could bear; he hid his face with his hands, sprung from his chair, and walked in a disorderly manner up and down the room. Madame angrily imposed silence on Victoire, who, taking the hint, declared that she was *au desespoir* at having afflicted Monsieur, for whom she felt the most profound respect, and then left the room, in order, probably, to talk over his transgressions to the whole neighborhood. She said so long, that Madame C----- was forced to go in search of her, and as she approached, heard her saying, "to be sure I don't forget that Monsieur is a *cordeon rouge* after all, and therefore not made to give an account of his actions to any body; but then when I think of my dear lady"--here Victoire was interrupted in her unfinished speech.

Monsieur had a return of his fever, which lasted some weeks; and, at length, believing he had suffered sufficient penance, Victoire graciously accorded him her forgiveness. A short time after the return of Monsieur C-----, a letter arrived from their friend in France, with tidings that he had secured for Madame C----- a sum sufficient to produce a little revenue, which would place her out of the reach of want, and which sum was deposited in the hands of a Swiss banker. Upon receiving this intelligence, they determined to leave their wretched apartment, and having, in their rambles along the wild valley leading to the Grotto, discovered a neat vacant cottage, they hired it for the summer; there Monsieur C----- hoped to recover his health amid the salubrious breezes from the hills, and his peace of mind amid the calm sensations, which the simple beauties of unadorned nature can best excite.

After repeating visits to her charming cottage, I bade Madame C----- a long, reluctant farewell; and have since heard, with delight, that the continuance in the privacy of her retreat to enjoy that domestic bliss, which, to sensibility like hers, is the first of blessings; she has a mind capable of relinquishing rank and splendor without a sigh, since she has found happiness in exchange.

#### ANECDOTES.

AT Mr. Fordyce's sale, at Rochampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a pillow; on which a gentleman asked him, "What particular use he could have for a single pillow?" "Why, (says Foote) to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he owed so much) could sleep upon it."

AT the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable in bringing about this event, but who, at the same time, had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Halifax being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims--"I remember (said his lordship) to have read in history that Rome was saved by the geese, but I do not recollect that those geese were made consuls."

AN Anecdote which appeared in a late Irish paper was prefaced thus: "The following anecdote of Buonaparte, WHICH NEVER BEFORE APPEARED IN PRINT, is from a Paris Journal. It was first given in the Turin Gazette, from which it was copied in all the Italian prints."

A wag some time ago advertised a carriage to perform without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious mechanics to see it; many of the members of the Society attended; and in the ardour of expectation they were shown--a Wheel-barrow.

[Our readers may recollect that we, sometime since, published a wonderful story, in poetry, of "ALONZO the brave, and the Fair IMOSINE," by the author of "The Monk," a Romance. The following is another touch of the miraculous and ludicrous, by the same author, written as a parody of the first.]

#### GILES JOLLUP THE GRAVE, AND BROWN SALLY GREEN.

A PARODY.

A DOCTOR so prim and a sempstress so tight,  
Hob-a-nobbed in some right maraisquin;  
They sucked up the cordial with truest delight:  
Giles Jollup the Grave just five feet in height,  
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.

"And as," said Giles Jollup, "tomorrow I go  
To physic a feverish land,

At some sixpenny hop, or perhaps the Mayor's show,  
You'll tumble in love with some smart city-beau,  
And with him share your shop in the strand."

"Lord! how can you think so?" Brown Sally Green said;  
"You must know mighty little of me;  
For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
I swear, 'pon my honor, that none in your stead  
Shall husband of Sally Green be."

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,  
Faste to you and the faith which I gave,  
God grant, that, at dinner too amply supplied,  
Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;  
May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the bride,  
And send her well-dosed to the grave!"

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told,  
Sally wept, till she blew her nose sore!  
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold!  
A Brewer, quite tythful, his gig that way roll'd,  
And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whisky of cane,  
Soon made her untrue to her vows;  
The steem of strong beer now bewildered her brain,  
He caught her while tipsy! Denials were vain,  
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast beef had been blest by the priest,  
To cram now the guests had begun:  
Tooth and nail like a wolf fell the bride on the feast;  
Nor yet had the clasp of her kilt and fork ceas'd,  
When a belt--"twas a duntmen's"--toil'd--"One!"

Then first with amazement Brown Sally Green found  
That a stranger was stuck by her side:  
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were embrown'd;  
He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round  
Sent some pudding away to be fried!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and short was his height;  
His apron was dirty to view;  
The women (oh! wondrous!) were hush'd at his sight;  
The cars, as they ey'd him, drew back (well they might),  
For his body was pea-green and blue!

Now all with'd to speak, but none knew what to say,  
They look'd mighty foolish and queer.  
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled--"I pray,  
Dear sir, your peruke that aside you would lay,  
And partake of some strong or small beer!"

The sempstress is silent; the stranger complies,  
And his wig from his phiz designs to pull.  
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through surprise!  
Like a pig that is stuck how she opened her eyes,  
When she recogniz'd Jollup's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd up her snout  
"Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!"  
The pot boys ran in, and the pot boys ran out,  
And couldn't conceive what the noise was about,  
While the Doctor address'd Sally Green;

"Behold me, thou jill-fert! behold me!" he cry'd;  
"You've broken the faith which you gave!  
God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,  
Over-eating should give you a pain in your side;  
Come, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic the bride,  
And send her well-dosed to the grave!"

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd down,  
In spite of what e'er she could say;  
Then bore to his chariot the damsel to brown;  
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,  
Or the Doctor who whisk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer; and none since that time  
To make use of the brew-house perfume;  
For its firmly believ'd, that, by order sublime,  
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,  
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight four times in each year does her spirit  
With shrieks make the chamber resound;  
---"I won't take the rhubarb!" she squalls in affright,  
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,  
Giles Jollup pursues her around!

With wigs so well powder'd, their feet while they crave,  
Dancing round them twelve Doctors are seen.  
They drink chicken-broth, while this horrible slave  
Is twang'd thro each nose--"To Giles Jollup the Grave,  
And his patient the sick Sally Green!"

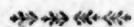


#### A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

AMONG real neighbors and friends this is not an empty compliment. The wish is dictated by benevolence; and, whenever uttered by an intelligent mind, it comprehends much. Unmugged happiness cannot be found in the most prosperous year, nor the most pleasant stage of man's life; for it is not a fabulous production. Unmugged happiness is the golden harvest, that will be reaped in heaven, but the seeds must be planted on earth. Happiness, that is solid and permanent, will grow on no stock but virtue and religion; and a happy eternity, is the result only of time well improved. But no time is well improved, which is wasted in idleness, or squandered in vain and unnecessary amusements; much less that, which is killed by criminal indulgences.

When people wish one another a happy New-year, they generally mean a year free from trouble; a year of health, ease and prosperity. These ingredients of happiness depend chiefly on the will of Providence. And these wishes, when sincere, may be considered as prayers to heaven, for the life, health, and welfare, of those, to whom we wish a happy new year. But as outward prosperity is a precarious good, it behoves every one to regulate his passions, appetites, and conduct, as to secure the tranquility of his mind, and the applause of his conscience. Whoever keeps a conscience void of offence towards God and man, has, in all exigencies, and in all adventures a friend and comforter at home, and a friend and comforter on high. But, in order to this inward peace, and this superior support, there must be piety, purity, and usefulness. No life is pleasing to God, that is not profitable to men, and perfective of our natures. If we are sincere, when we wish others a happy new year, we feel disposed to contribute to their happiness; and, therefore, to be helpful, on all proper occasions, and exemplary in all the social virtues; and, in this way, to be helpers of their joy. The indulgence of envy, revenge, ill will, or sordid selfishness, is inconsistent with heartily wishing them a happy new year; and, indeed, it renders us unneighbourly and unfriendly.

Time well spent, may be reflected on with satisfaction, when past, as well as enjoyed, when present. That is the happiest year, which is clouded with the fewest deficiencies and faults, and filled up with the brightest and most useful virtues. And though it lies not with us to order out for ourselves or others a long and uninterrupted series of halcyon years, or even days; yet, it is in our power to render the present, and every succeeding year, happier than the preceding, by correcting the errors, amending the faults, and making up the deficiencies of the time past, and doubling our guard, and our diligence for the time to come. This is the way to the most pleasing exercise of our faculties; this is the way to the most agreeable passing of our time; this is the way to the most peaceful reflections; and this is the way to the happiest termination of our probationary existence.



#### ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman sat by another, whom he was very little acquainted with, in the pit of Drury Lane play house, when seeing two women come into a box just opposite to them, he turned about to his neighbor, and said, "Sdeath, can you tell me what ugly bitch that is?" "Who, sir," answered the gentleman, "that lady coming into the box?" "Tis my sister." "Lord, sir, (cries the other, greatly confus'd,) I beg ten thousand pardons; no, I mean that shocking monster with her?" "Oh! sir, (answers he) that's my wife."



We caution the public against Swindlers, for "such are abroad." The house no. 32 Liberty Street, was robbed at noon day on Saturday last, during the momentary absence of the house-keeper, of a pair of plated candlesticks, with which the villain got off undiscovered, after having taken out the candles, which he left behind. [Diary.]

The ship Sally, Gellson, in 50 days from the Bay of Honduras, to Philadelphia, has put into Norfolk in distress. The above vessel had got into the Delaware with a pilot on board, but was blown out from her anchors; she then made for Cape Henry, and was blown ashore on the Horse-Shoe, where she lay 13 days. Captain Larcom of the English sloop of war Hind, now in Hampton Roads, being informed of her situation, sent down 30 seamen under the command of the master's mate, the carpenter and his crew, a pilot, and spare anchors and cables; had it not been for the timely assistance, the ship must have gone to pieces, as a violent gale from the N. E. came on the next day.

Captain Gellson cannot withhold the opportunity of thus publicly returning his unfeigned thanks to Captain Larcom, of the Hind British sloop of war, for the assistance he furnished him; he acknowledges the favor more readily, as he had a signal of distress flying seven days, and could obtain no assistance by it.

Capt. Gellson informs us, that on the 18th July, a tartan boat arrived at Bellefleur river, with information that she had been chased by a Spanish brig which was part of a fleet consisting of 28 sail of vessels, under convoy of two frigates, from Mexico, fitted out for the purpose of destroying the British settlement on that river; this vessel also had accounts of their force, which consisted of 2,000 troops under the command of Gen. O'Neil, Viceroy of Yachatan; the ships under the command of Don Cosmar.

On the arrival of this news an embargo was laid on all the shipping. On the 18th of August two Spaniards were taken prisoners, that had deserted from the fleet at Ambergris; these men confirmed the news, and related there were four gun boats, with four 24 pounders each, a schooner mounting eighteen sixes, and a sloop with 12 guns. Immediate preparations were now made to repel them; a half moon battery was erected under the inspection of Col. Barrow, to the southward of Fort Dundas; martial law was proclaimed, and the negroes called into the service; the wood scows were converted into gun boats, a schooner and four sloops were armed, and every preparation made.

On the 18th September the fleet was discovered at Key Chappel: Capt. Mofs of the Merdin sloop of war, sent out two sloops to St. George's Key, which had partial actions with them for two days. On the 23d, in the afternoon, the whole Spanish fleet got under way, and 8 of the heaviest vessels with several launches came down inside the reef, with intent to force the English from their station, when a very heavy fire from the sloops and scows broke their line, and threw them into confusion, from which they could not recover, but made off as fast as they could. Captain G. says the English had 250 men ashore, amongst whom were 40 whites.

A Negro, near Woodstock, (Pennsylvania) lately shot his master, Mr John Young—he was secured in jail.

Mr Josiah Pullen, overseer of R. M'Allister's plantation, Savannah, was lately killed, by the horses in the machine taking fright.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24

Extract of a letter from the Consul of the United States at Gibraltar, dated the 18th and 23d Oct. 1798.

"The American ship Roanoke, Ebenezer Paine, from Norfolk in Virginia, with a valuable cargo of cocoa, indigo, &c. bound to Cadiz, was brought in two days ago by a British privateer, on pretence of being Spanish property; and after going through the customary interrogations, has been cleared.

"Since the vessel was fired, being of 333 tons burthen, I met Earl St. Vincent, when I took the opportunity to request the favor of leave for her going to Cadiz with her

cargo, which he not only granted, but also a convoy, as she is not armed, with leave to bring out for the United States a cargo of the produce of Spain.

"At foot you have the names of the six French prizes sent in by Admiral Nelson, five of which are now ready to proceed to Lisbon, there to get some temporary repairs before they go for England; they are under-jury masts, and in a shocking state. Admiral Nelson is blockading up Malta.

#### NAMES OF THE PRIZES:

Le Franklin, 80 guns, Le Tonant, 80, Le Spartia, 74, Le Conquerant, 74, Le Peuple Souverain, 74, L'Aquilon, 74.

"By a Dane in 27 days from Leghorn, it is reported that the Maltese had rose on the French garrison, dispossessed them of the island, and thrown themselves under the protection of Great Britain and the King of Naples. He further reports, that Buonaparte had been compelled by the Turks to re-embark his army, and was in great want of provisions, and on the other hand the English continued to block them up."

CHARLESTON, Dec. 1.

The gentlemen who came passengers in the Carolina, from London, and arrived on Thursday evening in the stage from Savannah, mention, that they were on board Sir Richard Strachan's frigate at Portsmouth, on the 5th October, who informed them that the Polyphemus frigate had arrived at Cork, and another frigate at Sheerness, both of which brought intelligence of Lord Bridport's Squadron having been left in sight of the French fleet from Brest. Sir Richard Strachan further informed them, that the Admiralty had received positive accounts of Lord Bridport having fallen in with and totally defeated the French fleet.

#### NEW THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING will be PRESENTED,  
A COMEDY, (never performed here) called,  
Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife.

Duke of Medina,	Mr Martin
Don Juan de Castro,	Mr Tyler
Sancho,	Mr Miller
Alonso,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Michael Perez, (the Copper Captain)	Mr Barrett
Leon,	Mr Cooper,
Cacafogo,	Mr Hogg,
Lorenzo,	Mr Seymour.

Margaretta,	Miss E. Westray,
Altera,	Miss Westray,
Clara,	Mrs Hogg,
Estifania,	Mrs Barrett,
Old Woman,	Mr Bates,
Lady,	Miss White,
Maid,	Miss Bates.

To which will be added,

A favorite Comedy, in 4 acts, called, The  
OLD MAID.

Doors open 1-4 past 5, and Curtain rise 1-4 past 6.  
Vivat Republica.

NOW IN THE PRESS,

and will be published in a few days, by the Printer hereof,  
the celebrated Comedy of

THE  
STRANGER,

OR,  
MISANTHROPY AND REPENTANCE:  
A DRAMA,  
IN FIVE ACTS.

Faithfully translated, entire, from the German of  
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,  
Director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna;

BY GEORGE PAPENDICK.

Now performing with the greatest eclat at the Theatres of London and New-York, and esteemed by the best judges and friends of the Drama, to be equal, if not superior, to any comedy ever represented, in respect to purity of language, elegance of style, and stage effect.

GENTEEL BOARDING and LODGING  
at No. 115 William Street,

#### COURT of HYMEN.

Just Heaven, in pity to its creature MAN,  
When it had form'd, and measur'd out his span,  
Gave him, to ease his woe, and sweeten life,  
A female friend—a loving, faithful WIFE.

#### MARRIED

By the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr JOHN EDSALL, to Miss POLLY THOMPSON, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. JAMES W. DOMINICK, to Miss PHEBE COCK, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Filmore, Mr. PATRICK PLUNKET, to Miss MARY ROBINSON, both late from Ireland.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr JAMES DOB-  
BIN, merchant, one of the firm of M'Kay and Dobbin, to  
Miss MARGARET RIDDLE, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr  
BENJAMIN MOTT, Merchant, to Miss ELIZA ACKERLY,  
both of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Phœbus, Mr.  
REUBEN BALL, of this city, to Miss LYDIA FOUNTAINE,  
of Middlesex.

A CHARITY SERMON will be preached to-morrow  
morning at St Paul's Chapel, for the benefit of the Charity  
School, and a collection made for that purpose.

#### Mr DUPORT,

PROFESSOR of Dancing, presents his respects to the  
Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York, and informs  
them, that at the particular solicitation of the first families  
he proposes giving

#### A BALL

on Tuesday evening the 8th of January, at Mr Hunter's  
Hotel, Broadway, to which he solicits public patronage.

His daughter, a child of only ten years old, will display  
the graces in several fancy dances in the course of the even-  
ing, in two different characters—viz.

- I. The Arcadian Nymph, with music and dress adapted,  
exhibited at Boston with unbounded plaudits
- II. The admired French Dance of Richard Coeur de  
Lyon and Hornpipe.
- III. An English plain Minuet, also De la Cour's Minu-  
et and Gavotte.
- IV. The Montferme.

Miss Duport's first performance will be given pre-  
cisely at 7 o'clock, and the Ladies and gentlemen's Ball  
will open immediately after.

N. B. Tickets, price One Dollar each, to be had at the  
Musical Repository, No. 131 William Street, at Hunter's  
Hotel, and of Mr Dupont, No. 4 Wall Street.

#### JUST PUBLISHED, CHRISTIANITY

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OLD AS THE CREATION.  
By Matthew Tindal, L. L. D.

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PIECES,  
and a great variety of pleasing Books for Children,  
for sale by John Harrison.

#### DANCING.

MR. DUPORT, professor of Dancing (formerly pupil  
to the celebrated Gardell of Paris) respectfully ac-  
quaints the Ladies & Gentlemen, of New-York, that he  
has engaged a Room in the Tontine City-Hotel, Broad-  
way, where he has commenced his Dancing Academy for  
Young Ladies and Gentlemen. The days of Tuition are  
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Having taught this  
polite art in several of the principal families in Boston, for  
several years, he hopes he needs no other recommendation.  
He also begs leave to acquaint the Young Gentlemen of  
this city, that he proposes establishing an Academy at the  
above place for EVENING TUITION, to commence at  
6 o'clock in the evening of the above days.

His terms for School and Private Lessons may be  
known by applying at the Musical Repository, No. 131  
William Street, or at Mr. Dupont's no. 4 Wall Street.  
December 22, 1798.





## COURT of APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE NEW YEAR.

Tempora mutantur.-----

"THE times are chang'd," alas! how true,  
As witness me, and witness you.  
Scarce twice six months their course have ran,  
Since all this mighty change began;  
Since Ninety-eight its course begun,  
I've been most happy, and undone.  
Ah! then I was supremely blest,  
And all my cares were loll'd to rest;  
Then I possess'd your heart and hand,  
And all that virtue might command:  
You told me then no other love,  
Your constant heart should ever move;  
And granted oft a modest kiss,  
As earnest of my future bliss:  
But who that would not trust the wind,  
Would trust more fickle woman-kind?  
For ever ebbing like the sea,  
Most constant in INCONSTANCY.  
How chang'd, alas! is now the scene,  
In vain I wish I ne'er had been;  
The calm is gone, and storms arise,  
And every hope of pleasure dies:  
I see another clasp your hand,  
And all that once was mine command:  
I hear your faithless vows of love,  
Vows that my heart only move.  
Ah! wretched youth, did he but know  
How soon his joy will turn to woe,  
He'd fly like lightning from your arms,  
And shun the ruin of your charms;  
He, though now lov'd, next month may be,  
The object of your enmity.  
But soon, perhaps, you too may prove,  
The endless pains of hopeless love:  
Some fickle youth may gain your heart,  
And act, like you, the traitor's part;  
And, as if by heav'n design'd,  
Break all your future peace of mind:  
In vain you then will hope for cure,  
And all that you inflict endure:  
Then all your friends will disappear,  
Nor pity shed one single tear;  
And may your sad, tho' righteous fall,  
Be an example to us all.

### PARENTAL AFFECTION.

**ZALEUCU**, Prince of the Locrians, made a decree, that whoever was convicted of adultery, should be punished with the loss of both of his eyes. Soon after this establishment, the legislator's own son was apprehended in the very fact and brought to public trial. How could the father acquit himself in so tender and delicate a conjuncture? Should he execute the law in all its rigor, this would be worse than death to the unhappy youth: should he pardon so notorious a delinquent, this would defeat the design of his salutary institution. To avoid both the inconveniences, he ordered one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and one of his son's.

### KARNS and HAZLET, WINDSOR CHAIR MAKERS,

Respectfully inform their friends and customers that they have opened a shop no. 46 Cliff-Street, where they can be supplied with all kinds of Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c. of the newest fashion and best taste, warranted good. Old chairs repaired, painted, and made like new. They likewise continue at their old shop, no. 93 John-Street Golden-Hill, where they will thankfully receive all orders, and execute them with punctuality and dispatch.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

Price, bound, 50 cents,  
**DILWORTH'S ASSISTANT,**

Carefully revised, corrected, and adapted to the Commerce of the Citizens of the United States, with many Additions, containing every thing necessary for the understanding the Federal Money and Currencies of the different States of America, &c. which renders it the most complete System of Arithmetic (for the Use of Schools, &c.) that is now extant.

By JAMES GIBBONS,

Teacher of Arithmetic, &c. in New-York.

Sold by him, no. 12 Chamber-Street, New-York, and by the principal Bookellers in the United State.  
A liberal allowance to Teachers, &c.

The following are some of the Rules and Tables added to this useful and valuable work:

A Synopsis of the Roman Notation.

Addition Table.

Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, and Reduction of the money of the United States.

Table shewing the value of the Dollar in all the States Currencies.

Table shewing the value of all the Federal Coins in all the States Currencies, &c.

Tables answering in value to the pound, shilling, and penny of all the currencies, sterling, &c.

General rule to change currencies into dollars.

General rule to change dollars into currencies.

Table of coin most in use, with their value in sterling, dollars and cents.

Table of cents, answering to the currencies, sterling, &c. from one penny to twenty shillings.

A General Table, with rules by which sterling or any currency may be changed into any other currency, &c.

Table of real and imaginary coins, equalled to dollars and cents.

A General Rule to change any given currency into any other currency.

This Compendium will be found very useful to Merchants, Mechanics, and Storekeepers: the Rules and Tables for the ready Exchange of the States currencies, sterling, Irish, livres, guilders, &c. &c. are short, simple, and easily understood.

No young gentleman would be without this useful book, if they knew the advantage that might accrue to them from perusing it.

December 29.

39 ff

### T WORTMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public,

HAS removed his Office to No. 87 Maiden-Lane, formerly occupied by John F. Roorbach, Esq. deceased. The business of the late Mr. Roorbach, will be continued at the same place.

56--ff

### FOR SALE,

A good stand for a Tavern, immediately opposite the New Play House, in Theatre Alley. There are on the lot a new two story House, containing four rooms, one of which is about 19 feet broad, and 30 long; underneath is a cellar kitchen and cellar; a large garret over the whole. fit to be converted into four bed-rooms, for the accommodation of lodgers. For particulars apply on the premises.

December 13, 1798.

37--ff

ELI KNAPP,

LADIES SHOE MAKER,

No. 136 Broadway, (between Liberty and Cedar Streets) RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform his friends.

the public in general that he has now on hand a large and general assortment of Ladies Shoes of the first quality, which he offers for sale for Ready Money, or Bills at a short date, for the prices here undermentioned; and from their superior quality and workmanship, as well as the low price at which he offers them, he flatters himself he will be able to give general satisfaction.

Ladies Kid Slippers, with heels,	at	17s
do. spring heels,		10s
do. Sandals, spring heels and buckles,		15s
Black Morocco Slippers, with heels,		13s
Coloured do do		14s
Black do do spring heels,		8s
Coloured do do		8s 6d
Common Leather do do		7s
Fur Shoes with heels of superior quality,		18s
do spring heels, do		14s
do Common Leather,		12s

Misses Kid and Morocco Slippers at the lowest prices.

A Discount of five per cent from the above prices will be allowed on taking a large quantity for ready money.

E. Knapp further begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public, that Shoes of the best quality are continued to be made by him, at the shortest notice, to any size, for one shilling in addition to the above prices; and assures them that nothing but his anxious wishes to obtain the favor of the public, would have induced him to offer his Shoes at so low a price; and therefore hopes they will enable him by their patronage to continue his exertions.

December 23, 1798.

38--4w

### NOTICE.

BY order of Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the city of New-York: Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of George Knight, an Insolvent debtor, that they show cause if any they have, before the said Recorder, by the twenty-second day of February next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at his Office in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said George Knight's estate should not be made, and he discharged according to the directions of the act entitled "an act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st March, 1783. Dated the 22d November, 1798.

GEORGE KNIGHT, Insolvent.

Matthew Bunce, one of the petitioning Creditors.

This day is Published,

At H. Caritat's circulating Library and Book Store No. 153 Broadway,

### THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

A Tale--in four volumes, bound in two, by Regina Maria Roche, author of the Maid of the Hamlet, &c.

PRICE TWO DOLLARS.

The reputation which this novel has obtained induced the proprietor to reprint it, and it is trusted will render unnecessary any praise from the publisher, as it has been generally perused by his subscribers, when in his library, and universally admired.

May be had at the said store, likewise the just published original new novel, called, Wieland, or the Transformation, an American tale, by C. B. B. and the original letters of the unfortunate lovers, Ferdinand and Elizabeth.

H. Caritat has also an extensive assortment of either imported English books, or American republications.

A choice of the most approved French literature and elegant coloured prints.

NB. To his library has been added every new publication imported by the fall vessels, suitable to his former collection.

34--ff

### GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-Street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-Street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes.

12--6m

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BY  
**JOHN HARRISON,**  
No. 3 Peck-Slip.